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buried in an American review of sixteen years ago the author had not seen them, but it is just as likely that, being rather pressed toward the close of his book, he preferred to neglect what is, after all, a minor point in the history of Italian Gothic, having no great fancy for Cistercians. He lets himself have opinions about all sorts of things: landscapes, the temperament of races, the way churches should be built nowadays. Much of the reader's pleasure in the book springs from this life and play of opinion, and much more from the immensely decorative drawings, the author's own, which are not only pictorial and suggestive everywhere, but far clearer than the average, so that the eye singles out the point at once. Why should not more books imitate this point?

Professor Marquand's book* is a disappointment. It is unpedantic, detailed, long and very dull. It takes up practically the same matters twice or thrice and says nothing that the reader can remember afterwards. It is all fatally indisputable: why say it all, the reader wonders, and why say it so, when a pocket A B C volume would hold the whole? The impression it produces is that the author is what, in some walks of life, is called stale. Clergymen and athletes are liable to the same state. He is, in effect, overtrained and flat; he knows his matter well and wearily. The wise clergyman will close up his Bible and go fishing for a month with Marcus Aurelius in his pocket. The wise prize-fighter will break training; and the wise student will look far afield to another land and age for a while, after putting all his old lecture-notes into the fire. Professor Gardner's delightful book on Greek sculpture in this same series has shown how it is possible to be thorough, scholarly and yet full of the most vivid interest; and Professor Marquand has approved himself at other times no less delightful. He should have done more for his publishers, his audience and himself.

This volume of twenty-eight essays,† none of them very long, on a handful of Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, is rather un-

* "Greek Architecture." By Allan Marquand, Ph.D., L.H.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

† "Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting." By Wilhelm Bode. Translated by Margaret L. Clarke. London: Duckworth & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

equal in its interest, but leaves an impression of more substance than the look of it promised. Dr. Bode knows his material well. Since he was a Teuton before he was a critic, he has never spoken more *con amore*, with more unction than here, where he may speak of Rembrandt. His interpretation of that essentially northern genius may not, indeed, be to every one's mind; it is itself Teutonic. "He does not lose himself in the infinite or seek his ideal outside man, but he discovers the divine in man himself and finds peace and calm in his own heart. A mysticism entirely peculiar to himself speaks to us." Is that the translator's fault alone, or is it possible that in Germany a good word can be so abused? Certainly mysticism as recognized anywhere else is precisely all that Dr. Bode denies, whether rightly or not, of Rembrandt, that darkened and troubled spirit, the converse in so many ways of Leonardo. The word stands for many things, but always in some sense for ultimate soul-satisfaction, for that quiet at the heart of things which the late G. F. Watts loved to paint, and satisfaction, though Rembrandt often painted it, we know, with all deference to Dr. Bode, that he never knew. Yet the critic, while he has not cared to dwell on Rembrandt's melancholy end, or the inequalities of his excellence, has given due weight to the intimacy of his genius, and his triumph in the struggle with things too high for him. He has taken pains to trace Rembrandt's influence in dealing with the other painters of his period; and this in part accounts for the reader's coming away with a great sense of something said. For the rest those essays are particularly interesting that touch on men little known or half-forgotten, like Hercules Segers, Adrian Brouwer and Jan Vermeer of Delft. That rare and beautiful master, now much cried up by the elect, is of especial interest here because we possess in New York a masterpiec of his. That, to be sure, we have only discovered since, under the admirable direction of Mr. Roger Fry, the picture was cleaned; whereby the divine and incomparable color emerged from a muddy blur of gray into a blue that has the clarity of a jewel and the quality of a lacquer.

The rendering is, on the whole, so fluent and easy as to read like original work; twice only has the idiom betrayed the translator. On page 318 the designs for "carpets" would seem by the context to be for tapestry hangings; and "laws of line (-) and air perspective," on page 146, is not English, and is barely

recognizable as the familiar principles of linear and aerial perspective.

Again the translation (by Jessie Haynes) is intimate and individual. The writer himself speaks through it very happily. In these essays, which get a kind of unity from his passion for Donatello, Dr. Bode* moves on debatable ground with uncommon geniality and urbanity. The tone of controversy is here almost uniformly gracious, and it is therefore the sadder that he should have abandoned his own manner to throw a savage word at Milanese. Where should we all be in Italian art without Gaetano Milanese—his untiring researches, his profound historical insight, his *flair* for a five-hundred-years-forgotten fact? Dr. Bode has his enmities, too, in the *quattro-cento* and is less generous there. In distinguishing, for instance, the work of Donatello from that of Michelozzo, he seems to imply that this or that pulpit or tomb could not be by the latter because he could never have had the originality or the imagination to do anything so good, and then presently asserts that "it is impossible to credit him either with originality or imagination" because he never did anything which showed these qualities. This is hardly fair and hardly logical. In the same way the critic appropriates for Leonardo all of Verrocchio's most romantic work: not only the "Scipio" of the Louvre and some rather frantic compositions, which are all probably school pieces, but the very "Primavera" of the Bargello herself, d'Annunzio's "Lady of the Beautiful Hands." Maud Crutwell, however, without naming our present author in her discussion of Verrocchio, has already raised the cry against that celestial thief Leonardo.

The illustrations are absolutely the next things to having a set of fine photographs, and the book is full of interest and personal charm and delightful sentiment. If the author puts Desiderio da Settignano very high and dismisses Mino da Fiesole with a slighting word, if he claims a relief or a *statue* for the young Michael Angelo, and gathers up half the medals of Florence for Spinelli, these, after all, are matters of opinion and as opinion valuable. It is inconceivable that Dr. Bode should ever be really rash or ill advised. Whatever he says is pleasant to read, and

* "Florentine Sculpture of the Renaissance." By Wilhelm Bode. London: Methuen & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.